CHIBOGAMOO

1907

FRED'K. G. PAULI

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from the author

Jan 21, 1907

CHIBOGA MOO

START OF CANOES AND PROVISIONS FROM ROBERVAL
Prominent business men of Roberval in the group

A RECORD OF A TRIP THROUGH CANADA'S WILDERNESS TO LAKE CHIBOGAMOO AND TO THE GREAT LAKE MISTASSINI IN THE SUMMER OF 1906

BY

FRED'K. G. PAULI

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TO MY FRIEND.

Although as life rolls on,
  One may forget a ripple here and there,
One may forget a friend or two
  Or in his absence shed a tear,

But what is life, without a past
  When sunshine followed day by day,
And clouds were chased by lucky winds,
  That, was the " Spring of Life " I say.

So in these days, when Spring has gone,
  And Winter sets his foothold on thyself,
I think of sunshine then,
  And Dedicate this book to thee myself.

THE AUTHOR.

January 1907

SIX HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE TO CHIBOGAMOO

CANADA'S NEWEST MINING DISTRICT

AND TO THE HUDSON BAY POST, AT THE

GREAT LAKE MISTASSINI

INTRODUCTION

For a good many years past The Grande Discharge of Lake St. John, Quebec Co., Canada, has had a great attraction for fishermen. Roberval, the end station of Lake St. John and Saguenay R. R., is the center where fishermen and sportsmen meet from all over the world. It was here that I paid my first visit in August, *1905*, and it was here that May, *1906*, saw me back again. There is something about this French Canadian Section that I like. It may be through my frequent visits to France and my liking for the French language, or it may be a desire we all have to see something new and interesting in this world, which broadens, strengthens, elevates, and makes us better fitted to communicate to others that which may do them good.

It was during the latter part of May that the stories of "*gold*" found in Chibogamoo were on every man's tongue in Roberval, which stories were kept alive through the arrival of a number of prospectors starting for that point. From morning until night I heard nothing but Chibogamoo, and, finally, I caught the fever myself, and it became my greatest wish to see Chibogamoo.

After looking around for a suitable companion, I

found in P A. Proux, manager of the wholesale firm of Cote, Boivin & Co., just the man wanted to help me organize this expedition. He impressed me as an agreeable companion and a gentleman.

He was able to furnish the supplies from his stock at the *lowest* possible cost and to secure the best and most *reliable* guides who would not *desert* us. Besides that he attended to the many little details, so that we were able to start on July 4th from Roberval.

Our party consisted of *P. A. Proux*, *Charles Potvin*, father of the proprietors of the Commercial Hotel in Roberval, and myself. Mr. Potvin was a hunter of large and noteworthy experience — what they call a "voyageur" of A1 quality. He was at home in the "bush," and we considered ourselves fortunate in getting him for a guide. Our chief guide, however, was one *Xavier Raphael*, who knew every inch of the ground we were to pass over, having made the trip before with a party of government surveyors and prospecting miners. He was a big, full-blooded Indian of enormous physical power. *Joseph Simeon*, also a good type of Indian, our cook and second guide, and *Johnny Cyriac*, a half-breed of experience and strength, made up the rest of the party.

It seemed necessary in organizing our party to get together, as nearly as possible, those who were congenial. We were starting out on a trip of five weeks' duration, traveling in canoes through rivers and lakes and facing trying experiences, it might be, in portaging the forests; therefore it was essential that we work together kindly and well. The trip would have its hardships and be accompanied, possibly, with much danger. It proved, however, in the end, to be a most fortunate trip and was made in *record time* and without accident.

It is, indeed, with this thought strongly in mind that I venture to put into writing a somewhat brief recital of our trip, trusting that others, contemplating such a trip, may reap some possible benefits from our own experiences.

MY COMPANION AND GUIDES
from right to left

P. A. PROUX JOSEPH SIMEON XAVIER RAPHAEL
CHARLES POTVIN JOHNNY CYRIAC

PREPARATION

The most important factors of an expedition are provisions and guides. The latter we had—the best and most experienced the Indian reservation at Point Blue could supply. But it needed Proux's experience with such men to keep them satisfied. I give Proux full credit for knowing best how to manage them. We had plenty to eat and good tents to sleep in. One point I wish to emphasize for those who may go to Chibogamoo is this: get the best men you can, and learn how to handle them. An Indian is a human being, and if you treat him like a man, he will treat you with respect.

With the thought, as I have said, of aiding others to a right equipment of the necessary and practical things of such a trip, I will give an entire list covering provisions, tools, camping supplies, means of conveyance, with incidentals, for an equipment of a party of six, as we were:

200	lbs. Flour	40	lbs. Beans
50	" Sea Biscuits	12	" Wigwam Tobacco
15	" Oatmeal	2	" Candles
25	" Lard	4	" Chocolate
50	" Onions	9	cans Baking Powder
63	" Pork	6	bottles Pain Killer
40	" Bacon	2	" Black-fly Oil
25	" Butter	1	box Laurier Matches
8	" Tea	1	" Parlor "
7	" Salt	3	" Toilet Soap
50	" Sugar	3	" Sunlight
½	" Ginger	6	" "
½	" Pepper	12	jars Orange Marmalade
½	" Mustard	1	pack Playing Cards

Rock-rock, snarl wire, fuse, shovels, files, assorted nails, stove, axes, hammer, cast steel, cotton rope, Salmon twine, complete cooking outfit, tents, canvas bags for provisions, and tarpaulin to cover provisions. The latter had to be made specially. Two canoes, eighteen feet long by three feet wide, canvas covered, weighing about one hundred pounds, completed the list.

Guides get $2.00 a day each, and every traveler must have two guides if he wishes to complete this trip in the time we made. It is necessary to have one of the guides a good cook. He is generally an older man. One elder man is in the bow of the canoe, and the younger and stronger man in the stern. Provisions are put in the center of the canoe and it is astonishing how much a canoe eighteen feet long can hold. Estimating that each of us men in one canoe weighed at an average 160 lbs., which, say, is a total of 500 lbs.

Each canoe held in baggage	-	500 "
Canoe weight - - -		100 "
		1,100 "

had to be pushed through the water.

Estimating both canoe and canoe loads, we had to portage 1,200 lbs. That meant carrying these in bags on your back by fastening a leather strap to the ends of the first bag, and putting the rest of the bags on top of this one. This strap had a wide piece of leather that each guide slipped over his forehead. These straps are specially made in Roberval, and it takes a good piece of leather to stand the strain.

Our chief guide, Xavier Raphael, carried an average of three hundred and fifty pounds. The others, two hundred lbs. All I could manage was about fifty pounds. I had my gun, ammunition and camera, besides a lot of handy things in a bag,

XAVIER WITH 350 POUNDS READY FOR PORTAGE

which I foolishly carried in my hand. I warn all travelers, especially young and inexperienced men, never to try to carry things in their hands, as the constant brushing against trees and bushes fairly benumbs your arms and dislocates your wrists.

CAMERA. I had an Eastman No. 3, but advise all who travel to take a larger one and the best lens they can get. I had several unfortunate falls, and the shutter of my camera was out of joint most of the time. The consequence was, I lost about three-quarters of my films—so much for inexperience on my trial trip.

PERSONAL OUTFIT. Now, as far as a personal outfit is concerned, every man must know best what he needs, but I want to mention mine in particular, because of a wish to lay stress upon some very important points. All of the outfitting can be had at Roberval at nominal cost. One of the most important articles of apparel is a pair of moccasins. These are made by Mr. Hammel in Roberval at reasonable prices, anywhere from $2.50 up. They are soft, being thoroughly greased, heeled, sewed, and nailed. No man can attempt to go through forests, climb over rocks, and do much wading through water, without that important factor, the Indian moccasin. Regarding blankets I would recommend all-wool. Ours were part cotton, and on many cold nights I found it difficult to keep warm. A sheepskin, for the man who likes comfort, keeps off the dampness from the ground. A regular miner would laugh at these comforts, and call them nuisances, but I speak to men who wish to have every comfort, and can afford to pay for them. Two blue flannel shirts, best quality; four pairs all-wool gray "*Habitant socks*" (two pairs are worn at a time in order to keep the stones from hurting the feet); two sets of all-wool underwear; a pillow; handkerchiefs; towels; tie and soft hat; completed my outfit.

GUNS. We had one 40/44 Winchester, and one 20-bore double-barreled shotgun. I had a 32 automatic Colt revolver, 8 shot; a most excellent arm. In ammu-

nition we had an overabundance: 250 Winchester cartridges, 40/44; 250 No. 20 shells; viz:

100 No. 2 shot for ducks
75 " 4 " " partridges
50 " 6 " " small birds
25 ball shells for bears
250 cartridges for Colt, No. 32

This was an overabundance, but we could at times have some good practice and it did us good to make a noise.

FISHING TACKLE. A medium trolling spoon did the best work. It was astonishing how many fish we caught when our canoes were going at the rate of four miles an hour. For "still" fishing, a few big hooks could have been used, but we had little time for that. A net measuring one hundred and twenty feet filled the bill, and was a great help when our luck at trolling was not successful.

THE ROUTE

JULY 4TH, 9.30 A. M. Left Roberval in a carriage, via *St. Felicien*. Here we had lunch and then went over to the *Portage à l'Ours* (Bear Portage). Portage means carry. This occurs wherever it is impossible for a canoe to pass cascades or rapids. After partaking of supper we made up the camp, and by nine o'clock retired. It is a cold moonlight night, with a strong wind blowing.

JULY 5TH. Started the real journey. After first breakfast crossed the "*Chamouchouan River*," which we were about to ascend. Taking in turn the little *Portage à l'Ours*, and the little and big *Portage des Roches* (Portage of the Rocks). Lunch at 11 A. M. Little Bear 250 yards, big Roches 600 yards, small Roches 380 yards.

It may possibly impress the reader that this was a short half day's trip and the distance attained inconsiderable; but when you take in consideration that a few of us were unaccustomed to the real work of tramping

LOADING CANOES AT PORTAGE A L'OURS

along narrow paths, over stumps, up hill and down, scrambling over rocks of all kinds and sizes, with the added discomfort of a boiling sun's rays and flies in illimitable numbers, you will appreciate the hard test our patience and endurance were put to. Indeed, we found out that this was only the beginning of what was to come.

At Small Roches we had lunch, which we enjoyed immensely. The novelty of the out-of-door life appealed to me very much. After lunch poling up stream commenced again. These poles are eighteen to twenty feet long—guides using small spruce trees three inches in diameter, and having on the end a steel point six inches long. The noise that these "paches" make, as the guides call them, was the only continual music we had. We reached *Pembonka Camp* at six o'clock in the afternoon—our second day's camp. This territory we are going through is all wild, no habitation whatever. After putting out the net for fish and eating our supper, it was seven o'clock. By nine we were asleep. Night not so cool, as camp was protected.

JULY 6TH. A heavy mist hangs over everything. Breakfasted at six o'clock. Caught a few fish in the net and had them for breakfast. Started at seven o'clock on our third day's journey. Proux and I walked up on the side of the river for three miles on the rocks. Proux opened our hunting by getting two fine partridge, which we later on enjoyed immensely at Point du Cran. Our canoes being heavily ladened, were poled through the first strong rapids. We lunched at the *Rapids pas fond* (No Bottom). This is one of the most dangerous rapids at highwater. A month earlier, several canoes were upset and there were a number of very narrow escapes. I cannot see how any miner, without a guide, could risk going up this river alone. After lunch Proux and myself took the trail of the *Portage des Rapids pas fond*—a very difficult climb and most hazardous in its descent. I felt completely fagged out when I rejoined the others. The

POLING CANOE SINGLE HANDED, RAPIDS PAS FOND

rest of the day was spent in poling through the rapids. We reached *Point du Cran* about six o'clock, where we concluded to stake our camp for the night. It was a beautiful spot and could well be likened to a little fortress overlooking a magnificent panorama of scenery with the river broadening out into a lake at our feet.

Near our tents was a covered shed used by Indians to store their winter trappings and cooking utensils. Besides that we found a great quantity of bones of different animals, which Indians preserve in bundles or on sticks as an omen of good luck. The heads of bear are strung upon a pole, and that "Indian" who can show the greatest quantity is the envy of all his fellow hunters. At a great many of our camps we found such sheds, with hunters property. These are safe, as no one will dare to disturb them.

JULY 7TH. Xavier Raphael and Johnny Cyriac our two strongest guides, took a canoe load of provisions to our next day's camp, and we rested. Fished, but had no luck, as shere were but few fish in the river. After having a good bath we rested again.

RAPIDS DES EPINETTES BLANCHES, CHAMOUCHOUAN RIVER, BEFORE THE CHAUDIERE FALLS

PETER McKENZIE DISCOVERER OF "GOLD" AT CHIBOGAMOO

JULY 8TH. Sunday. Very hot. After breakfast, which we had at five o'clock, we left camp. We poled all day, only resting for lunch, arriving at *Chaudiere Falls* late in the afternoon. Half-way up we met Mr. Peter McKenzie and son in two canoes, descending from Chibogamoo. He is the discoverer of the mines a man of great prominence and an ardent worker. He has the credit of accomplishing a great work in bringing this territory to the notice of the world. He warned us against going up the short way through the *Chigoubiche River* on account of the low water. We did, however, later on because of the shortness of the trip. Chaudiere Falls is a most beautiful bit of water of tremendous force. It has two falls, the upper and lower; in all about one hundred feet of fall. Surveyors calculated that at low water (when we arrived there) the falls had 100,000 horse-power; you can easily imagine the magnitude of these waters. The rapids before the falls were the most difficult to ascend, and it seemed at times as though we were not gaining an inch. It was here that the great muscular force of our guides told. We camped at six o'clock by the second fall near the rocks On account of low water they stood high and the pounding of the water, together with the incessant roar, put us to sleep.

LOWER CHAUDIERE FALLS
The small dots on the rocks at falls are some of our men

UPPER CHAUDIERE FALLS

JULY 9TH. Rested here, our guides took our provisions and canoes over the long and difficult *Portage de Chaudiere*—1400 meters. We fished, caught dore, pickerel, and Onanische, below the falls.

JULY 10TH. Left the camp at 6 A. M., taking both little and big *Portage des Chaudiere*. Took *Chigoubiche River*, which was low. We made slow work. Passed over quite a number of portages until we came to our camp *Vermillion* at 6 P. M. It had been a very hot day, lots of black flies. However, our supper of fish, etc., was good and a bath in the river very refreshing.

JULY 11TH. After a cool night, we had our first *white frost*. We broke camp after breakfast at six o'clock and continued all day up the *Chigoubiche River*, taking a number of portages until we came to our camp at *Portage de Savanne* at 6 P. M.

JULY 12TH. Left camp at six o'clock and arrived at Camp *Lake Chigoubiche* at 6 P. M. This was the hardest day's work we had done yet. It was hot, flies no end, and the portages were exceedingly bad. Passed the rather pretty *Chigoubiche Falls*, not quite as big as the *Chaudiere*. Before we camped, Proux and Xavier

each got partridge. Our net was put out and we caught a lot of fish.

JULY 13TH. Left camp at 6 A. M. and paddled to the end of the lake, fifteen miles, a long and tiresome work. Had a severe thunderstorm and got wet. Lunched at *Portage Dur*. Although this portage is a long one—1860 meters—it was a good road and easy walking. Then came the *Crooked River*—a winding, narrow, almost black, and muddy water, which afterwards passes into several small lakes, and eventually leads to our next camp on Lake *Chamouchouan*.

In going to the entrance of this lake we caught a big quantity of fish and shot our first ducks—black ducks—the finest eating duck of this region. This duck is brown and has beautiful peacock feathers on its breast. I think the Indians call this duck black because the young ones are black.

BLACK DUCKS

JULY 14TH. Left camp at 7 A. M. and paddled to the end of the lake, stopping at the old abandoned

Hudson Bay Post where also Peter McKenzie has a storehouse. It is here that on either side of the landing high rocks, weighing two thousand pounds, have been moved, and a legend amongst the Indians is: that a man named *Grenon*, of enormous strength, one hundred years ago moved these with his own hands. After leaving this camp, we took the *Nikaubau River*, and camped at some rapids at 6 P. M. I would call this point *Camp des Mousches* (Flies), because I have never felt so much troubled as just here. The following day being Sunday we rested until noon. Proux read service and the guides joined.

JULY 15TH. Left camp at noon and reached Nikaubau Lake at 7 P. M. This trip was all paddling through numerous lakes and rivers, most all wooded and looking alike. Caught fish and shot some ducks.

JULY 16TH. Left *Camp Lake Nikaubau* at the end of the lake, taking the *River Poisson Blanc* (White Fish): passing in turn *Lake du Poisson Blanc*, and going to *Lake Traverse*, which we reached at 6 P. M. This lake is the *height of land* where one river descends into *Lake St. John* and the other flows north into *Chibogamoo.* This *Lake Traverse* is one of the prettiest lakes I have ever seen; surrounded by tall *cypress trees* it has a majestic appearance. Here we caught in our net the first white fish; the finest eating fish in this neighborhood.

A very impressive effect on our Indian guides was made by me, through the discovery in my bag of a box of fine Havana cigars. I rewarded them with a cigar after a hard days work. With folded hands, looking upward, they let the blue smoke escape in ringlets, their eyes sparkling with pleasure at this unexpected delicacy.

JULY 17TH. Left *Lake Traverse* at 6 A. M. and had much difficulty in going through small brooks, dried out; at times making a canal with our hands and portaging our luggage. Did a lot of walking on river banks until we came, late at night, to *Lake Obatogoman.*

FRED'K. G. PAULI AT LAKE TRAVERSE, JULY 16th, 1906

We camped, tired and weary, in a small bay at the entrance of the lake opposite to *l' Isle Brule.*

OUR PARTY ON LAKE OBATOGAMAN, JULY 18th, 1906

JULY 18TH. Left *Camp Obatogoman* at 7 A. M., met some guides of McKenzie's Trading Company, who later on shot two bears. After a long paddle on this lake, which must have been 15 miles, took a number of small lakes and rivers; having much difficulty on account of low water; and at last reached, at six o'clock, *Lake Chibogamoo.* This big sheet of water, thirty miles long and from five to ten miles wide, is the *great hope of wealth* of the present Canadian people. We camped on the first island at the entrance of the lake where Le Moyne, the government surveyor, had placed his mark in '98.

JULY 19TH. This trip to *Chibogamoo* from *Roberval* took us fifteen days' work. Take off one day of rest at *Point du Cran;* one day at *Chaudiere Falls;* one half day at *Nikaubau River*, (two and one half days in all of rest); leaving in all, twelve and one half days hard work to reach *Chibogamoo.* It is needless to say that this can only be accomplished by good guides, good provisions, hard work and luck. We had no rain, no accidents. On our way on the Nikaubau River, and later on at Poisson Blanc River, we met parties connected with some Montreal mining company in

LAKE CHIBOGAMOO. VIEW FROM ISLAND AT ENTRANCE OF LAKE

utter distress; having lost their guides, who left them; having lost some of the members, who left them; having lost their way. They were one and one half months in reaching a place where it took us only eight days.

JULY 20TH. Left camp at 8 A. M. and traveled twenty miles on *Lake Chibogamoo*, until we lunched 3 miles away from *McKenzie Camp*. At our salute a number of men, amongst them Herbert McKenzie and the engineers, La Page and La Rocque, and a lot

ALFRED LA ROCQUE CIVIL ENGINEER,
MONTREAL,
Who has explored the region of the
Chibogamoo District

of men, came in to visit us and to get some mail we had for them. Later we went to *McKenzie Camp* and spent the night there. Met Cummings, Chief Engineer of McKenzie's men, a pleasant and agreeable man.

JULY 21ST. Visited McKenzie's gold mine, a shaft of one hundred feet being sunk, and samples of rich ores strewn all over the ground. We found some comfortable buildings all around and were cordially received by Herbert McKenzie.

Left *McKenzie Camp* and took portage to *Lake Dore* and visited the camp of Dickson, Eaton and Machim. We found the two former there and were able to make them happy with a lot of mail. They were very pleasant and agreeable and showed us a great deal of hospitality. We camped there that night and

MINING CAMP DORE, OF MESSRS. DICKSON,
EATON & MACHIM

took a look at their mines, which astonished me very much indeed.

JULY 22D. Took up our camp at *Beaver Dam*, where we stayed until July 24th. Made several researches and found copper. But above all found very strong mineral springs. I cannot lay too much stress on the quality of this water, and I am under the impression that if a railroad should be built for these mines, a health resort here, near the fine cascade of *Lake Dore*, would give the opportunity to see the mines; to have fishing without limit; and to take the water whose quality, acting on the kidneys, I cannot recommend too highly. Our stay at *Beaver Dam Camp* was most delightful, and *Lake Dore* as fine a lake as you could possibly want. The same is not small, about fifteen miles long, and from three to four miles wide; great many loons are to be heard and partridges abound. Fish, as I said before, are limitless. We caught as many as one hundred pounds, by hook and line in one hour's time, averaging three pounds. Shot a six pound pickerel with my 32 Colt revolver; broke his backbone; he turned up immediately. Guides, as a rule, break the backbone of a fish after he is caught.

CAMP "BEAVER DAM," LAKE DORE
100 lbs. of fish by rod and line in one hour's time

LAKE CHIBOGAMOO
AND LAKE DORE

X McKENZIE'S GOLD MINE

XX DICKSON, EATON & MACHIM'S MINING CAMP

LAKE CHIBOGAMOO

AS A MINING CENTER

From what I have seen, and from what I have read of reports made by such men as Low, Sullivan and Obalski, I am very much impressed by the possibilities of this district. While I am not a miner or have much knowledge of mining, beyond the fact that I know copper, gold and silver, by samples which I had previously examined and studied, I am positive that Chibogamoo abounds in rich ores, which cannot be calculated. The means of travel by canoe, the cost of provisions, the hard work to get these provisions up here, makes it very difficult to open up and trace the valuable deposits sufficiently. It amuses me how some of the above mentioned surveyors, having examined some rocks in rivers, establish the finding of ores that may have some bearing; but the *point* in question is, where are the rich ore veins in paying quantities on land? I have seen such running as high as nineteen per cent copper, and as low as eight per cent copper, with a trace of gold and paying silver. Yet this is only one place of many that must exist. Copper should pay. Of asbestos I saw little, as we did not find time to visit Asbestos Island. Cummings showed me some samples from McKenzie's mine, which looked promising to me. One point I mention most particularly, and that is the proximity of the *Chibogamoo* mines to New York. A railroad built from *Chibogamoo* to *Roberval*, the end station, would be one hundred and fifty miles. The railroad from *Roberval* to *Chicoutimi* is sixty miles. At *Chicoutimi*, the *Saguenay River* has water deep enough to load big boats, so that the total railroad from the mine to the shipping-point would be two hundred and ten miles, of which sixty miles exist. From there any boat will take these ores down the St. Lawrence, and by way of the ocean, to New York. So you see that if *Chibogamoo* proves what I sincerely hope, a great success, there can be no paying copper mine so near to New York as *Chibogamoo*. I do not

go into details of reports on copper, gold and other precious metals, but I refer you to reports of Low, Sullivan and Obalski, which you can obtain by applying to Secretary Alfred Pelland, of the Department of Colonization, Fisheries, and Mines, in Quebec. Low's report I particularly recommend as it is a brilliant, painstaking, and true article. The Scientific and Geological Reports are contained therein. As these reports were made on last year's surveys, the progress and discoveries made in the meantime would make, in my opinion, these reports even more enthusiastic. What is needed is a railroad, and very quick, too. Water power of immense capacity, wood of no end, fish of no limit, and, I hope, paying minerals of no limit, should awaken capital to the seemingly small undertaking of one hundred and fifty miles. I can see, if this railroad is built, a future for *Chibogamoo*, not counting the farming lands at *Lake Chamouchouan*, *Lake Chigoubiche*, or the hotels which could be built at the splendid cascades of *Chaudiere*, *Chigoubiche*, *Vermillion*, *Dore*, and not counting the healing mineral springs at *Lake Dore*, which some day may astonish the world!

To all young men, who can spare time, go to *Chibogamoo* in May and see for yourselves. You have hunting, fishing, splendid out-of-door life, and all it will cost you for a trip like that is from $300 to $400. Take with you a mining expert and find for yourself riches that exist for all who can search for them.

SUPPLEMENT AND INFORMATION

BLACK FLIES AND OIL FOR THEM. I must say that my first experience with black flies was one I can never forget. A man who goes into the woods as a novice is just food for them. No oil and no remedy is made to protect you; you must let them bite until they get tired. My neck, face and hands, were a mass of lumps for one week; not until the cool weather came was there any relief. Then came mosquitoes of three different grades; next, *frappe à bord* (moose fly), who would sting through a flannel shirt and a woolen undershirt. Worst of all *brulow* (burning fly), as large as a pin head, would crawl on your hands and face and burn. Indians say God sent these flies so we would not be so lonely in the woods, but I notice that these flies never bother the Indians much.

PAIN KILLER. This is an old remedy for the Indians against colic, and to warm the stomach. It is made of turpentine, red pepper, and, I think, tooth powder, as it looks like that. Two teaspoonfuls are taken in a cup of hot water and the effect is good, but the taste is horrible for a white man.

COOKING OF FOOD BY INDIAN COOK. It takes a few days work before you can get used to the Indian fare of pork and beans and tea, which is their *main stand-by*. As no fresh meat could be had, we depended on fish, duck and partridge, when we could get them. The first thing to be made is a fire, for which wood abounded in all places. After rigging up a pole to hold the kettle, water was boiled to make the tea. I must mention that the Indians have, to me, a new method of making the leaves settle; which is pouring on a cup of cold water. Then came the other pot of hot water, in which, after boiling onions, were put fish, duck or partridge, just as we had them on hand. After that sea biscuit in crumbs, then the whole thing would be kept on the fire until the duck, fish or partridge were tender. First of all the soup would be served with salt and pepper added—the most delicious dish that I could recommend. After that the fish or

game was served with fried or boiled onions. I cannot recommend onions too highly to all who expect to go to the woods, as it is the only vegetable on which you can depend. As dessert, Cross & Blackwell's orange marmalade should be taken in preference. It is always good tasting, is refreshing, and keeps well in glass jars, no matter how long they have been in use. Bread or sea biscuits toasted, with this marmalade, are a great dish. I must not forget *oatmeal* in the morning. There is nothing so warming as a hot dish after a cold night's rest. Rice and buckwheat we had, but Indians do not know how to cook them properly. Bread which our cook made was on the order of muffins or hot rolls, baked in the ashes by the fire. Our butter, which we always kept in a tin box in cool water, was good until the last day—a most remarkable feature. From appearance and manners I must say that an Indian is far from being a savage—until you see him eat. I have never seen men sling their food down their throats or drink tea in such quantities. Our cook usually had a tin basin that I should say, held a quart or more of strong tea, which he drank at every meal. Indians eat with their knife and fingers. We all squat on the ground, using tarpaulin as a table cover. Of course the Indians had their special place and we had ours. Later on at *Point du Cran*, we found table and benches made by previous travelers. This was real comfort, and after that I had our guides make many such tables and benches. Our cooking outfit was very handy and kept in good shape, except for a few bumps, which could not be avoided. Our tents were good and comfortable, but there is one thing I wish to recommend, that is some *linen pockets* at the head and sides to put handy things in when resting. A stove we had, but did not use at all, but it may be good for men who go later on in the season. At all times we had spruce branches for beds, which guides so arranged on top of each other with needles pointing downwards, that the surface was smooth and springy. Only twice did we have to take birch leaves, and that was awfully hard sleeping. I had two brown canvas bags and lock, which are good to

have, as sometimes you might meet men at camps whose ideas of mine and thine are not so pronounced. However you should see that the bag is doubly sewed and that the lock is strong and secure.

For reading there was no time or desire as we were mostly too fatigued. However, a number of good pipes are necesssary. I had eight and broke them all. If you have no pipe you are lonely and helpless in the woods. I recommend a straight pipe and a rubber mouth-piece, those made of imitation amber all break.

CARDS. It was necessary in the evening after supper to have a little distraction as we all got talked out. Here I beg to mention that our language was French, and that sometimes it was difficult for me to understand the Indian mixture. Showing our guides the rules for draw poker, which they called bluff, gave them some idea of the game, and a great deal of amusement. For chips we used beans. Whenever an Indian had better than three of a kind, he would bet all his beans on this hand, showing him to be a first class gambler.

BATHING AND SWIMMING. I took great delight in taking a plunge or wash, according to the tempera-

XAVIER RAPHAEL BATHING IN NIKAUBAU RIVER

ture of the water, but all except Xavier Raphael seldom took a bath, because either they could not swim or they were afraid they would get sick. Being able to swim, float and dive, I much impressed our guides, as they could not do it.

SHOOTING. Both Charles Potvin, Xavier Raphael and Proux, gave many exhibitions of good shooting. The most difficult bird was the loon, every traveler knows that. I think almost one third of our ammunition was wasted trying to get a loon. Ducks were always with their young, and partridge likewise. On our return these young ones were big enough to fly and made splendid pot boilers. In larger game I saw two bears killed near *Chibogamoo* by guides. Tracks of caribou I saw frequently, and also tracks of bears and other animals, but as we did not leave the beaten track we did not have much chance to see big game.

FISHING. All waters of lakes and some rivers, principally the former, abound in fish. I mention the kind we caught:

Pickerel	2 to 15 lbs.	Turadie	up to 6 lbs.
Brook trout	¾ "	Dorè	" 4 "
Lake "	up to 6 lbs.	Carp	" 8 "
	White fish up to 5 lbs.		

Carp or sucker is only good for pigs. Indians eat them in case of having no other fish. Dore, pickerel, and all other fish are fine, particularly if eaten one hour after being caught. As this pickerel lives on small trout most of the time, his flesh is much finer than that of a pickerel in lakes where trout do not exist. The finest fish is the lake trout weighing from four to six pounds, with flesh as red as a cherry and tasty like a "dish for the kings." I must say I like boiled fish better, as one gets awfully tired of fried fish in the woods. One incident I want to mention which seems hardly credible to a stranger. We chased some young ducks and secured a few. Some of them got away; the others, in trying to cross the river, became separated. Suddenly they disappeared, being swallowed by large pickerel, and they were good sized ducks at that.

FOREST FIRES. These have assumed a most dangerous proportion during the last season. It is presumed that Indians through carelessness originated them. But I am sure, having put out at least six smouldering fires left by careless travelers, that Indians are not to blame. They are mostly miners who go prospecting for the first time, and never bother their heads about fires.

When we reached *Point du Cran*, we saw a fire burning that we were unable to put out. In an hour's time it had assumed such proportions that the entire mountain was a mass of flames, as all the timber and grass were absolutely dry. I figured that during the night at least five miles of woods were burned, which were fanned by a very high wind. I would recommend to the government to have inspectors posted patrolling the route to Chibogamoo.

FROM CHIBOGAMOO TO MISTASSINI

After leaving our *Camp Beaver Dam*, Lake Dore, on the morning of July 24th, we took the portage to Lake Chibogamoo again; stopping at McKenzie Camp to make our farewells, as we were about to start for Lake Mistassini, two days' journey north. We found Herbert McKenzie and his friends there, and I was made happy by getting six bottles of ginger and Jamaica rum, which I think is a better remedy than *pain killer*. It was a cold and very windy morning, and the water was very rough; not an uncommon occurrence on these large lakes. It is a fact that the harder it blows, the more effort one makes to go ahead, unconsciously, and the more fatigued one becomes. One thing I did experience—I should call it *paddle-strain*, for if you sit in the centre of a conoe and try to reach the side, invariably you get a cramp right back of your neck, and so painful at times that you cannot continue. Then again your legs get so cramped sitting in the one position, that very often they go to sleep. There is a great advantage of being either in the bow or the stern of the canoe. It was a

long paddle from McKenzie's Camp to the end of the lake where we took the first portage. Ducks were plentiful, Proux getting a number of *red-heads*. After taking two long and very difficult hot portages, we camped at 6 P. M. at the second portage—a small and very pretty lake. Had a shower during the night, found a great many mosquitos.

VIEW FROM OUR CAMP AT THE SECOND PORTAGE FROM CHIBOGAMOO

JULY 25TH. Leaving our camp at the *second portage* we continued through small lakes and rivers, until we came to the portage which leads to the most famous of all fishing lakes, *Waconichi*. This name has been spelled differently by many people. But I take this version for right, because it is on the government maps. When we arrived at this lake, a number of loons were calling us, but we were not successful in getting any. However, we started our trip across this lake, going at the rate of four miles an hour, and trolling with a 20-foot line. Proux caught the first trout, and I followed. Just as fast as we could get our line out we would get a fish. I have never seen such a big

LAKE WACONICHI, FROM A SMALL ISLAND NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE LAKE. THE FINEST FISHING ON OUR ENTIRE TRIP

lot caught in so short a time. Trout up to five pounds, and touradie, the first I have ever seen, of about the same weight. They are very much like trout, only that their flesh is white. They all fought and went to the bottom of the lake before being taken.

Lake Waconichi is a large and long lake with high rocks on the north side, which at the northwestern end form *Table Monntain*, of quite considerable height; which can be clearly seen from Lake Mistassini, our destination. We found this travel a very long and diffiicult one on account of the rough water. We stopped half-way for lunch at a small island, where we enjoyed our trout immensely.

We met a Mr. Longley from Montreal, who was exploring the northwest lands for *nickel*. Like all miners, who have been in the woods for a long time, he made a rather strange and uncanny impression. We continued after this stop, the wind being favorable, with our *tarpaulin sails*, reaching the northern end of the lake, *the discharge*, at 6 P. M., and camping at the Cascades. I forgot to mention that we also stopped at the *Indian graveyard*, which is on this lake, where Indians during the last hundred years have been buried. There is nothing remarkable to be seen, except mounds; tombstones and cross-sticks not being visible. We likewise came to a very large Indian camping-ground where remnants of birch bark and wood shavings showed us that they had been building canoes. We also found large frames for drying fish. The large *spawning beds* being right in front of this camp. After we had arranged our camp, we made every effort with flies and bait to get some trout which were jumping very lively in the outlet, but we were not successful.

JULY 26TH. Left camp at the discharge of Lake Waconichi at 5.30 A.M., and after a number of rivers, lakes and portages, struck the immense Lake Mistassini at 10.30 A. M. It is one hundred and fifty miles long, full of big islands. A big gale was blowing from

JOSEPH SIMEON (OUR COOK) WAITING FOR STORM TO CEASE
AT LAKE MISTASSINI

the northwest, and our first paddle of six miles was a dangerous one; our small canoe being the prey of the waves. Many times it looked to me that we were in danger of swamping, but Joseph Simeon, in the bow of our canoe, was so quick and clever with his paddle, that whenever a wave came dangerously near the canoe, it was in the right place to break its force. *Sea gulls* in quantities we found on all these lakes. They come here to breed their young. After our first paddle we rested again for the storm to go down, and it was *pain killer* again which gave us courage to go out on the lake. After lunch we found the wind favorable to put up our *tarpaulin sails*, *reefed*, but it was all I could do to hold onto the sail, as the force of the wind was very great. We stopped within a mile or two of the Hudson Bay Post, the point farthest north on our trip. At our salute, the entire lot of Indians came out to greet us. Only a few of the older men were there, as the young ones had all gone to St. James Bay in big boats for provisions. All the men and old women had to shake hands with us. I gave them tobacco and chocolate for the children, and likewise took their photographs, some of which came out excellent. The impression which these Indians made on me was a very poor one. They looked like a half-starved lot, and in fact they were, and all they had to eat was fish. The Chief Indian, George Matobe, and his family seemed to me the most prosperous looking, although that was not saying much. The Clerk of the Hudson Bay Company, who has been at this place fifteen years, Miller by name, and his Indian wife, both speak English well. Likewise their daughter Maggie, who married an Indian. Otherwise we were dependent on the translation of our guides to make us understood. I must also mention the existence of a most remarkable Indian boy, whose parents are both dead. This boy has a face half *bear*, half *boy*. The left cheek is all black skin, with thick black bear hair on that side of his head, his eye being closed; the mouth resembles that of a bear. The right side is perfectly normal. This boy is bright, lively, plays ball and

shoots his arrows with the other boys. The Indians say that his father, coming from a hunt one day, threw the head of a bear, which he had killed, into the tent and frightened his wife.

After getting our camp in order, we returned in the evening to the Post. Charles Potvin found an old fiddle and, much to the amusement of the Indian village, played some lively tunes, which were only interupted by the awful howling and barking of a hundred half-starved dogs, who roam about the camp. As soon as one of their number discovers something to eat, the rest all go after him, and then comes a fight.

MODESTE MATOBE AND HER SISTER
Hudson Bay Post, Lake Mistassini. July 28th, 1906

JULY 27TH. I spent the day partly in taking photographs and partly in looking for souvenirs at the Post. I could only pick up a few things of no particular value, but I was forced to pay a good price for them. We had some twelve loaves of bread made, as Clerk Miller's wife had an oven. The first two which we received were exellent, but the last ten, which we did not particularly examine until we were on our way home, were like rocks. It showed us plainly that we had been cheated, and that this good Indian woman,

INDIAN BOYS AT THE HUDSON BAY POST,
LAKE MISTASSINI, JULY 28th, 1906

for which she poses, had substituted cheap flour for our good quality. All these Indians, with a few exceptions, belonged to the tribe of the Mistassini and are, in my opinion, a mixed lot. They do nothing all summer but fish for a living and loaf. In the fall, when winter sets in, they go hunting, or mostly trapping, for furs. The Hudson Bay Company advances each man, according to his ability to get furs, a certain amount of provisions and supplies which he pays for, when he returns in the spring, out of the results of his hunt. I am told that some Indians get as high ceredit as $2,000. A debt contracted for and not paid during the current year, cannot, according to the Indian law, be held against the Indian; so you see the risk the Company takes is a great one. Therefore provisions come very high. Flour, which costs in Roberval $2.50 a hundred pounds, costs $14.00 up here. Lard is a dollar a pound, pork and bacon twenty-five cents, tea a dollar, one hundred matches fifty cents, and tobacco a dollar a pound. In return the Hudson Bay Company pays them for skins, not in cash, but in merchandise. Castor, $2.00 a skin; bear, $10.00; martin, $3.00; otter, $12.00; mink, $1.00; red fox, $1.50; black fox, $50.00; and lynx, $4.00. At the Hudson Bay Post, near Roberval, the following are the lowest prices paid: otter, $15.00; martin, $7.00; muscrat, 10c.; red fox, $3.00; cross fox, $5.00; black fox, $100.00; ermins, 25c.; lynx, $3.00; bears, black, $8.00; skunk, 50c.; mink, $6.00; silver fox, $50.00; so you can see that if an Indian family can afford to make a trip to Roberval, they gain in returns and buy their provisions cheaper. I was very much amused to see, in showing the Chief Indian, George Matobe, my 32 Colt revolver, and allowing him to fire eight times in succession, how delighted he was, yelling like a boy at his surprise. And further, when I showed him my magnifying glass, letting him see how it enlarged a match, then his own hand, I found him so astonished that he had to call his sixteen year old daughter Modeste. As soon as she looked at her hand, she threw the glass away, saying in Indian, "there was a devil in it." I wonder what eyes they

OUR PARTY BEFORE LEAVING HUDSON BAY POST,
LAKE MISTASSINI, JULY 29th, 1906

would make if they heard a phonograph. It is astonishing, likewise, how many of them sleep in one tent. In a tent like ours where we had room for just three, these Indians piled in double that number, yet they seemed happy and contended. It was peculiar that when we arrived everybody was there to meet us, but when we left not one was in sight except George Matobe, and he only because we had given him, on credit, our superfluous stock of provisions amounting to about $25.00.

JULY 28TH. We broke camp early in the morning, calling at the Hudson Bay Post. I took a photograph of the rest of the party, which turned out very good. When our canoe was about a mile from shore, we fired a salute. In a minute the entire Indian camp was in an uproar; everyone who had a gun responding. This fusilade continued for at least twenty minutes until we were out of hearing. Indians are like children when it comes to firing; they love to make a noise.

FROM LAKE MISTASSINI HOMEWARD

Our trip home was accomplished with a good deal of speed — the desire to keep moving, to shoot the rapids, and for the married men to get to their families, urging us on. After a six-mile paddle, we took the portage to the south end of the lake, taking in turn seven difficult and hot portages. We reached our first night's camp on our trip home at River Dore, a rocky bit of water, and camped there. It was an unusually hot night.

JULY 29TH. This being Sunday, our party wanted to rest here, but as there was no air and only the boiling sun, I insisted that we should move in the early morning hours, which we did. We had a hard day of wading through small rivers, pushing our canoe ahead, walking on rocks, and paddling through lakes with hardly any water. We had to portage over mountains and do climbing, which utterly exhausted us. We

finally arrived at *Lake Lamuele* (Grindstone Lake). This is so-called because a good many grindstones are found here. Upon arriving at our camping grounds, which were on a very fine bluff, I shot some partridges and we put up our tents immediately. No sooner had we put up our tents than a severe thunderstorm broke loose, which continued during the night and the following day. This is the only day on our entire trip that we were compelled to spend in our tents. Only intervals when the rain stopped for a short period were we able to try our luck at fishing, at which we were successful.

JULY 31ST. Leaving *Camp Lamuele* at 6 A. M. in the morning, we had much difficulty getting into the canoes, on account of the high waves and strong wind. We went to the end of this lake taking the outlet and going through *Lake du Canot;* all waters descending. Passed *Lake du Bonne Homme* (Good Man). This name is given on account of an old Indian, the father of George Matobe, whom we had met in Mistassini, being buried here on a high bluff. His wish was that all Indians who passed here, would leave, as a token of respect, a small package of tobacco. We visited this grave and found a number of sticks placed all around the grave, and, tied in birch bark, parcels of tobacco. We also left some. Besides that, plenty of bones of wild beasts and bear heads were to be seen. This is not uncommon, because we found as many as twenty heads of bear hung on poles at the different hunting camps. I am very sorry that my photographs of this grave and the different camps were all spoiled.

We camped at the *River du Chef,* had excellent luck, getting nine ducks, but missing a lot. Not having had any fresh meat for several days, we enjoyed this meal immensely. Having worked ten and three quarter hours, continually paddling, we were glad to get a night's rest.

AUGUST 1ST. Left camp at 5.45 A. M. and kept right on down the *River du Chef* all day, shooting

P. A. PROUX

RAPIDS DES CASTOR PIEGES, RIVIERE DU CHEF

rapids and taking a number of portages. A very distressing part of this trip was that for fifty miles on either side of the river, all the woods were totally burned. The tall trees, robbed of their green, had fallen, broken, and only the stumps remained. The grass and the bushes were reduced to powder. Not a bird, no life of any kind, and the portages were exceedingly slippery. It was no wonder that this gave us a mental depression. Leaving the *River du Chef* for a short cut, we passed *Lake du Petite Grand Mere* (Lake of the Little Grandmother), about a quarter of a mile in diameter. We caught some very good pickerel, and it seems that when the water gets lower none of these fish can get out. We were only able to carry one for our supper, and had to leave the others. This one weighed ten pounds. We continued through swamps that made it simply impossible to get ahead, the mud going over my boots. I can hardly describe the surprise we had after this long and tiresome day of constant work, being absolutely played out, arriving at night time at the *Chute du Diable* (Devil Falls)—so-called because moose and other game have been caught in the stream and drowned in the rapids. Here we had the experience of following some ducks, getting a few, and seeing how about six of them got caught in the rapids and were drowned. Our camp here was on a high bank overlooking a beautiful bit of falls. What made the view so much finer, in my opinion, was the fact that for five miles we could look up the river and for ten miles down. In the far end was a range of mountains with a high peak in the center. I am very sorry that all my films of this spot turned out poorly, as my camera proved later on to be out of order. One of the most remarkable things I must relate. We arrived here hot, dusty and tired, and found in front of our camp flat rocks exposed on account of low water. Unpacking my bags, which were in need of rearranging, I spied something—a natural *bath-tub* in the rocks, six feet long, two feet deep, and three feet wide, having a small inlet in the top and a large outlet in the bottom. You cannot imagine what a luxury that was for us.

AUGUST 2D. Left camp *Chute du Diable* at 6 A. M. and had five very hard portages to make, of which three were specially hard, going over hills and through bush. Some of these had not been used very much. I must explain that this *River du Chef* is seldom used in mounting, the way we ascended to Chibogamoo being the preferable one. Here I had my first experience in shooting big rapids. After the first one, which kind of played on my nerves, I felt more confidence in our guides, who, evidently, knew their business. It was wonderful, at the pace we went—which I should say at times was twenty miles an hour—how these men avoided the rocks which were hidden; any one of which would have upset our canoe and thrown us out. All day long we continued, some of these rapids being as long as five miles. Then came dead water, where all of us had to paddle. The trees now assumed a finer growth. The birds were more plentiful, aud the berries commenced. Such quantities as we saw here I have never seen in my life anywhere — gooseberries, blueberries, blackberries, strawberries, currants and cherries, growing wild. No wonder that this was a favorite place for bears and other beasts who lived on these berries. After this long trip, which took us about ten hours' work, we arrived at *Clerey's Camp* at 6 P. M. This camp consists of a number of solidly built block houses, commanding a fine view. We preferred, however, to sleep in our tents, as the house was so full of mosquitos that we could not stand it.

AUGUST 3D. Left camp at 6 A. M. in a heavy fog. The desire to get home gave us greater speed. We continued shooting rapids and had much trouble in some of them, which we could not pass. We had to portage our provisions and goods on our backs, walking at the side of the rapids, mostly in the water. We passed *Chaudiere Falls*, at 2 P. M., and *Point du Cran* at 5 P.M., arriving at *Pembonka Camp* at 7 P.M. As you see our progress was rapid, having covered in 10 hours' time about sixty-five miles.

AUGUST 4TH. Left Camp at 6 A. M. and had a hot paddle down the *Chamouchouan River*, taking in turn the little and big *Portage des Roches*, the little and big *Portages l'Ours*, and passing our original starting point, which we left a month earlier. We stopped at *St. Felicien* and took carriages at Gagnons to the Hotel La Montagne, where we arrived at 1 P. M. I had the best dinner served, which was exellent, and all of us, guides and companions, sat down to celebrate our safe return from a most remarkable trip to Chibogamoo and Lake Mistassini.

SHOWING THE FINE LINES OF MY CANOE, WHICH CARRIED ME SAFELY, THROUGH ALL THE DANGERS OF THIS JOURNEY

As you can see, our trip homeward was a rapid one. We covered 300 miles from Lake Mistassini in 6 days, deducting one day we were compelled to remain in camp at Lake Lamuele. In all these days, we had no accidents. We were compelled to stop several times, to put gum on the bottom of our canoes, as the canoes had been cut by rocks and then commenced leaking.

I advise travelers to get the best kind of gum, that is a gum we got from Indians at the Hudson Bay Post, Lake Mistassini. This gum was made out of fish bones and proved to be far superior to the gum we had taken along, which is mostly used by travelers. If any one could learn this way of making gum, he would certainly have a first class article to offer for sale, to others.

In giving you this short account of my trip, I do not pretend to have covered all possible details, but I have tried to give some valuable information which I know must be of use to those who intend to make the trip.

Extracts of a Report

MADE BY

J. OBALSKI

INSPECTOR OF MINES TO THE

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS, MINES AND FISHERIES

QUEBEC

Lake Chibogamoo is on the water-shed of Hudson's Bay and, at its north-eastern extremity, is two days' journey from Lake Mistassini.

This region, which we shall in future call the *Chibogamoo Mining District*, was traversed in 1674 by the Jesuit Father Albanel, then explored in 1870 by Mr. James Richardson, of the Geological Survey, and in 1885 by Mr. A. P. Low of the same survey. In 1897 Mr. Henry O'Sullivan made an exploration, and surveys were also made in 1899 by Mr. C. E. LeMoine. In 1903, Mr. Peter McKenzie made two trips there: one in the spring and the other in the summer, and, in the autumn of 1904, I made in company with him an exploration which forms the subject matter of this report.

The land is generally undulating, fairly well timbered; the soil is clayey as far as the foot of the Pemonka rapids (35 miles from Lake St. John); from there to the Chaudière Falls, the banks of the Chamouchouan River consist of steep Laurentian granitic hills, as much as 700 or 800 feet high, and on which there is but little good timber. The river itself to that point, a length of 20 miles, is but a series of heavy rapids, very difficult even for poling. The great Chaudière Falls, at least 100 feet high, constitute a splendid water-power, which I calculated could furnish 100,000 horse-power at low water. These falls are followed by a series of other falls and rapids, which are likewise fairly considerable for a distance of 3 miles to the forks. At this point the river turns to the north and is the way to Lake Mistassini *via* the Chief's River. It may also be followed to rejoin Lake Chamouchouan, but the Indians find this way much more difficult going up, although there are fewer portages; it is, however, easier to descend that way with larger canoes than by the Chigoubiche.

We then took the River Chigoubiche which runs north-westwardly. The river is rather shallow and rocky, and there are 15 portages on the 22 miles of the way up to reach Lake Chigoubiche. On this river are several falls and rapids that might be used

as water-powers, amongst others the Vermilion Falls, 50 feet high, capable of furnishing 9,000 horse-power, and the Gras Falls, 40 feet high, 4,000 horse-power.

The valley of this river and lake present a series of hills of slight elevation near the rapids, and low and, at times, ground near the still water. The soil consists of sandy loam, and there is a great variety of trees of good dimensions in some valleys.

The ascent of the Chigoubiche River can be effected only with small canoes from 15 to 18 feet long, and, as it is impossible to cross the lakes with these in heavy winds, delays of several days are sometimes necessary, as we found. From Lake Chigoubiche to Lake Chamouchouan (a distance of 6 miles) the country is fairly level, and there is only one portage between the waters of the rivers Chigoubiche and Chamouchouan. Then, after following a very winding river, through swamps and small lakes whence one sees well-wooded hills, Lake Chamouchouan is reached.

The Hudson's Bay Company had a small post at the head of the lake. It was abandoned two or three years ago, but the *McKenzie Trading Company* had built close by a small log camp in which it keeps a depot of goods and provisions. From this lake we proceed by the River Nikabau to Lake Nikaubau. The country is level, consisting of sandy loam, with a fair abundance of small timber, *Banksian pine* and black spruce predominating. Having stopped near this lake we explored on the southwest side the Foam Falls and Askatiche River, whose valleys are also level, with the same sandy loam and small timber, a portion of which has recently been burned.

The River Askatiche, which is of rather considerable size, is the discharge of a very large lake whereof we saw the bays only.

According to the guides, it is much larger than as shown on the maps, and it seems to be the way leading to the waters of the St. Maurice. This lake forms a large sheet of water parallel to Lake Nikaubau (?)

From Lake Nikaubau one follows for 14 miles a series of lakes of medium size to the height of land or water-shed represented by a chain of wooded hills some fifty feet high, whose altitude is 1,275 feet above sea level. From that point one descends through undulating land, covered with small timber, by a narrow river with three or four portages to great Lake Obatogoman, which discharges by the river of the same name into the Nottaway River. This lake, which has been only incompletely surveyed, contains several hundreds of small islands of various dimensions, those I visited consisting of granite.

Towards the end of the lake one comes in contact with the *Huronian* formation, which is thence followed constantly, and prospecting for the minerals of that formation can then be begun. The road then continues with four portages by a narrow river flowing through undulating land covered with small timber, with some widenings forming ponds, to Lake Chibogamoo.

As far as the end of Lake Obatogoman, the rock consists exclusively of Laurentian gneiss, in which are numerous veins of pegmatite containing a little white mica, but not of workable dimensions.

There may, however, be some of larger dimensions in the interior. Scattered through the gneiss, magnetic iron also is found at various points, but in too small quantities. Above the Chaudière Falls a little pink calcite is also to be seen. On the other side of the height of land I met with a little gray gravel in which, by panning, I found a couple of very minute colors of gold, but I attach little importance to this indication.

To sum up, as far as the end of this Laurentian formation I noticed no mineral having any industrial value, and it is really only from the northeastern extremity of Lake Obatogoman that one finds a variety of rocks worthy of interest, and I consider that an examination and prospect should be begun from the first portage towards Lake Chibogamoo, as the rocks there are well exposed.

CHIBOGAMOO DISTRICT.

Lake Chibogamoo is a large sheet of water of a variable length of about 20 miles and an average width of about 10 miles, with several deep bays. It has many islands, some being of granite and others of shists and diorites. The beaches consist of boulders, generally dioritic; the land is undulating and covered with timber, among which are large trees of canoe-birch. At the northeastern extremity are the Paint or Vermilion Mountain, the Juggler's Mountain, the Sorcerer's Mountain, and others not exceeding 500 feet in height. This lake has two outlets into Lake Doré, the head of the River Chibogamoo.

I specially prospected this district from the first discharge of the lake to the head of McKenzie Bay, and on both of its shores.

LOCAL GEOLOGY OF THE DISTRICT.

Starting from the contact of the Laurentian with the so-called Huronian formation, found to the north-west of Lake Obatogoman, one follows a formation which is generally dioritic and well-marked

in the portages, while the beaches consist of large rounded boulders of diorite, and granite with some pieces of hard limestone, probably similar to the limestone of Mistassini. The massive diorite varies in color from dark to light green and sometimes presents a schistous appearance. It is frequently crossed by veins of quartz. These conditions continue as far as Lake Chibogamoo. Nevertheless, the islands in the northeast part of that lake consist or coarse-grained granite similar to that of the islands in Lake Obatogoman and differ from the Laurentian granites.

On arriving at the large island of the portage where Paint Mountain lies, more broken country is found and the northeast part presents a more schistous and greenish aspect. Messsrs. Richardson and Low called these rocks chlorite schist. The other side of Portage Bay has the same dioritic rocks, but on entering the narrows, granite is seen on the left shore, and conglomerates also granitic, which seem to be a contact rock thus transformed by granitic eruption. On the right shore are diorite and serpentine. On reaching McKenzie Bay all the rocks on the north-west as far as the Juggler's Mountain are compact diorite. But on the south-east shore, between two deep bays, granite is likewise found alternating with diorite, while conglomerates are seen on the islands. All the northeast part consists of a belt of serpentine, which includes the magnetic cone, and which is also strongly magnetic at several points. Behind this, diorite is again found.

I ascended the Rapids River, which is navigable for canoes, and flows in a generally south-easterly direction; within a distance of 15 miles, there are 25 rapids and small falls and the river ends in a chain of small lakes. On both banks is a succession of diroite, granite and serpentine with banks of gravel and sand at some points. On the left bank, about the 4th rapid, I observed a development of talcous schist with compact talc in some places. About the 11th rapid there is a large mass of rusty schistous rocks, partially decomposed. About the 15th rapid, on the left bank, the serpentine is well developed and presents a schistous appearance with hard fibres.

At the last lake, which I reached, but which is not yet the head of the river, the formation is granitic. I carefully examined the rocks along this river and washed the sand and rusty gravel I came upon, but I found no gold or any indications of other minerals. Nevertheless, these rusty rocks deserve further prospecting.

The serpentine seen at the start on the left bank and which crosses the river about the 15th rapid, belongs to the belt running from the magnetic cone, and, therefore, covers a considerable area,

which I mentioned as being 7 or 8 miles, but which extends much further. I tried to scale this river but the magnetic attraction was too strong to allow of my obtaining any good results with the needle. On both sides of the river the rocks are covered with moss and there is but little timber widely scattered, consisting chiefly of Banksian pine, which makes it very easy for travelling.

TIMBER AND SOIL.

Along the road followed after leaving Lake St. John and after passing the Chaudière Falls, there is an abundance of timber generally of small dimensions but very suitable for the manufacture of pulp. It consists chiefly of small white birch and poplar in the old burnt districts, balsam fir, black spruce, Banksian pine, large white birch and a little grey spruce.

The black spruce is generally very tall and of good size, a diameter of 10 to 12 inches being frequently found with a height of 60 to 70 feet. In the neighborhood of Lake Chibogamoo are large birch trees from which the Indians get bark for their canoes. On the southern slope of the height of land there are some valleys with good sized grey spruce. Judging by the fallen trees, there must have been a great deal of red spruce here formerly, but it has all been destroyed by the saw-fly. A few young trees endeavoring to shoot up are seen here and there.

Where the land is low the soil consists of sandy loam, which could certainly be cultivated, and there are large areas of such land along the road we followed, but less in the region north of Chibogamoo, where the ground is more broken.

The climate of that region is similar to the average climate of the countries north of the St. Lawrence. We had some very warm days in the months of August and September. It is true that we had cold weather with snow at the beginning of October, but, on our return, we learned that the same weather had been experienced between Quebec and Lake St. John and our Indian guides told us the snow does not remain on the gronnd until after the beginning of November. The altitude of Lake Chibogamoo is only 1,150 feet above sea level and the so-called mountains in the neighborhood do not rise more than 500 or 600 feet above it.

SUMMARY.

In the small section I explored, covering a radius of 5 or 6 miles, I found the following as regards the part north of Lake Chibogamoo :

1. A great development of serpentine over a distance of more than 7 or 8 miles.

2. On Asbestos Island, where this serpentine was prospected, many veins of asbestos similar to that of the Eastern Townships and whose length attains two and one-half inches.

3. Magnetic iron probably in great abundance, seeing the great attraction exercised on the needle in that region.

4. Indications of iron pyrites from the existence of an important deposit may be presumed.

5. Copper ore of good grade in sufficient quantity to justify further search.

6. Gold-bearing quartz indicated by a very considerable outcropping showing gold in the rock and in the surrounding debris.

7. The probability of discovering the industrial minerals which usually accompany such formations.

The formation of this district, called the Huronian formation, is well developed, and, according to a map recently published by Dr. Bell, director of the Geological Survey, this formation covers a considerable area in the western section of that part of the Province where a belt 140 miles wide from north to south is indicated, through which the new transcontinental railway will run.

All the explorers of the Geological Survey who have visited this region agree as to the possibilities it offers from a mining point of view, belonging as it does to the same great formation containing the important mining districts of Lake Superior, of Northern Ontario and of Temiscamingue.

The land is generally undulating, the highest mountains not exceeding 500 or 600 feet. It is well timbered with pulp-wood trees, possesses important water-powers and contains sufficient arable land to be self-supporting, the climate being favorable thereto.

It is probable that all these advantages will encourage the building of a railway, which need not be more than from 100 to 200 miles long, to connect that district with existing lines.

EXTRACT OF REPORT MADE BY

JOHN E. HARDMAN, S. B. Ma. E.

TO THE CHIBOGAMOO GOLD & ASBESTOS MINING CO., MONTREAL

SUMMARY

I may, therefore, briefly summarize my conclusions as expressed in detail:—

(1) Your asbestos property contains a very large amount of commercial fibre of good quality; at the present time it is useless because it is 205 miles from the beginning of rail transportation; when rail transportation has been secured this property alone will be able to earn very satisfactory dividends on a capital in excess of $1,000,000.

(2) Your property also contains a deposit of quartz carrying both free and combined gold to an amount approximating $10 per ton over a length of 400 feet and a width of 40 feet—this fact is proved. There is every ground for believing that this length will be found to be two thousand feet or more, but as yet it has not been proved. Of this $10 per ton at least $2.50 to $3.00 is easily obtainable by stamp-milling; the remaining $7.00 or $8.00 is combined with the pyrites which occurs frequently in the vein. These pyrites are disseminated somewhat irregularly, occurring at times in pretty large bunches of a foot or two in diameter, and, at other times, being scattered in small particles irregularly along certain lines of cleavage.

To work this asset (the value of which is as yet not approximated) will require the use of heavy and bulky machinery for the transportation of which there is no provision; furthermore, the obtaining of the maximum amount of the gold present in the ore will require the use of the chlorination or cyanide process, which, in its turn, will consume very considerable weights of reagents or chemicals the transportation of which is equally impossible with that of the machinery. It is my belief, based on evidence which is not susceptible of proof to you, that this asset is of equal value with that of the asbestos; further work, I trust, will afford proof which will be satisfactory to all of your shareholders.

It was my intention to illustrate this report with some copies of photographs taken by Mr. Croze and Mr. McKenzie, which I am unable to in time for your meeting, which is called for the 17th inst. I shall have pleasure, if allowed, in sending you a duplicate of this report with the illustrations mentioned. I also beg to enclose copies of documents between us accompanied by my account for services.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. HARDMAN.

THE MAP OF THE CHIBOGAMOO DISTRICT IS USED THROUGH THE
COURTESY OF THE
HON. JEAN PREVOST
MINISTER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COLONIZATION, MINES AND FISHERIES
QUEBEC

THE "EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS" BY
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MINING ENGINEER AND INSPECTOR OF MINES, AND
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MONTREAL